

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Freshco & Miz"

"I mean, I understand it's a business
But come on, make an another reason why you made it for 50-60 dollars
I find dollar records that, that is, you know, and that's the truth
Because they all, they all start at a dollar
The guy that showed you that beat and it becomes so popular
He got it for a dollar or 50 cents, he didn't pay two hundred dollars for it (he payed 50 dollars)
And you know, he didn't pay anything for it
He payed a dollar, two dollars
Five dollars, tops
Now all of a sudden the fucking record is two hundred-something dollars
No, no, no, no, fuck that"

Yeah

We on that Freshco & Miz shit our here, pop
Listen, one two, yeah, yeah

Listen, money, you ain't gettin' nothin' from me
And the eighth of sour diesel medication for me
And the shit you spit – that's softer than vadin' to me
All you get is hard work and dedication for me
And my brother Stoupe, he cook in a basement with me
That was years ago, now it's like it's ancient to me
We the definition how you age gracefully, B
I'm a God-fearer, ya'll are more of Satan to me
I don't fuck with swine, ya'll a piece of bacon to me
Ya'll as soft as baby shit, ya'll are jaded to me
This is complicated, ya'll do it too basically
And being scary was never a sensation for me
The best record ever made it take a nation to me
And this microphone it was always faithful to me
It cost money just to have a conversation with me
Time is money, dummy, I ain't got the patience in me, yuh

Listen, yeah

Listen money, you ain't gettin notta from me
Not a penny, not a nickel, not a dollar from me
Or the Fendi or the Gucci or the Prada for me
Get a job, muhfucka, stop botherin' me
[?See I looked at Nicodemo?] like a father to me
My work effort too crazy to get farther than me
All you dirty mothafuckers should be honoring me
It's been twenty years of tryna take my aura from me
What you see as glamour life is like a horror to me
I ain't tryna lead a crib, it's always drama for me
That's the reason why I always got the lama on me
Cause they tryna hang a motherfuckin' charge over me
Ain't no judge in his right mind pardoning me

He gon' throw the book at me, ain't no bargain' for me
I'm a bad lieutenant, you just like a sergeant to me
Build with gods on another level, father degree, yeah